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# THE SHAW REVIEW

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# THE SHAW REVIEW

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May, 1960

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*Being a master in my trade means being an apprentice for life, bothered by the remarks, and the impertinences, the lies of critics and snobs, whom, despicable as they are, one can't ignore, knowing how easily they might blunder on some truth.*

— Cyril Scott (the artist), in *Immaturity*

# What Shaw Really Thought of Americans

by Arthur H. Nethercot<sup>1</sup>

When Shaw's opinion of Americans is mentioned, most Americans think immediately of his contemptuously derisive but sharply truthful dictum, "The one hundred percent American is ninety-nine percent idiot." And, unless we are superhumanly tolerant and self-controlled, or have somewhat revolutionary inclinations ourselves, the temperature of our patriotic blood promptly begins to rise. What right, many Americans have demanded, does a man who has taken more money out of their own country than he did out of his own have to snap like this at the hand that has fed him? Such ingratitude, they complain, is neither fair, nor humane, nor polite. And, with their feelings badly hurt, they prefer to have nothing more to do with such an ingrate. Shaw himself, of course, pointed out that Americans didn't have to go to see his plays or read his books if they didn't want to, and raised the question of whether perhaps there is a streak of masochism in their natural character which makes them love to kiss the whip. But he also pointed out that he was actually no harder on Americans than he was on other nationalities, and that if Americans would look as carefully at what he had said about the English and the Irish, for example, as they did at his criticism of them, they would be grateful for his mild and gentle handling.

Within the first minute after the curtain rises in Shaw's first play, *Widowers' Houses*, he makes young Dr. Harry Trench sum up the other tourists on his Rhine trip thus to William de Burgh Cokane: "Pooh! the steamboat people were the scum of the earth — Americans and all sorts. They may go hang themselves, Billy. I shall not bother about them." Though a faintly discernible element of snobbishness here may be attributed to the character rather than the author, almost forty years later in *The Apple Cart* we find the admirable Lysistrata stating, "The America of George Washington is as dead as Queen Anne. What they call an American is only a wop pretending to be a Pilgrim Father." And the aristocratic, Machiavellian King Magnus, reflecting Shaw's reaction to the Dayton "monkey trial," agrees: "Yes: we live in a world of wops, all melting into one another; and when all the frontiers are down London may be outvoted by Tennessee, and all the other places where we still madly teach our children the mentality of an eighteenth century village school." But, before the blood pressure of the reader goes too high, let me confess that I have taken the above passage slightly out of context. For Lysistrata has prefaced her somewhat unmannerly denunciation with the general introduction: "Nowadays men all over the world are as much alike as hotel dinners."

<sup>1</sup> Professor Nethercot, who teaches English at Northwestern University, is the author of *The First Five Lives of Annie Besant* (just published) and *Men and Supermen*.



If she and Magnus are insulting America, they are also insulting England and all the rest of the countries where democracy is bringing social classes down to the lowest common denominator. Times have changed since Burgoyne in *The Devil's Disciple* was able to discomfit Major Swindon by reminding him that, after all, the rebelling colonists were of "the same English stock as ourselves." Alf Doolittle, the philosophical dustman of *Pygmalion*, hits closer to the present situation when he tells his story of how the American millionaire, Ezra D. Wannafeller, has appointed him to a lectureship in the heavily endowed Wannafeller Moral Reform League in order "to shew that Americans is not like us: that they reckonize and respect merit in every class of life, however humble." It is perhaps worth noting, too, that in *Man and Superman* Mendoza's bandits, with the exception of one Spaniard and one Frenchman, "are all cockney or American."

Rather ironically, Shaw — a millionaire himself — always harbored a kind of contemptuous resentment against American millionaires. This probably began when he was an impecunious young socialist, with no idea that he himself would ever rise to the plutocracy. His feeling was also undoubtedly still based to a large extent on the means by which this wealth has been obtained — the investment and multiplication of funds originally gained from business and industry, as in the case of the elder Hector Malone in *Man and Superman*, obviously being more reprehensible than the investment and multiplication of funds originally gained from writing. Capitalism is also, of course, well established in other places than America, as *The Apple Cart* depicts, but apparently is not so widely and deeply rooted. Thus, when Cashel Byron in *The Admirable Bashville* learns that his £10,000 are but "a week's income" to Lydia, he exclaims in disappointed disillusion:

"Now, by the Hebrew lawgiver, I thought  
That only in America such revenues  
Were decent deemed."

Similarly, when Ermytrude in *The Inca of Perusalem* asks her father, Archdeacon Daffodil Donkin, how he knew that Roosenhonkers-Pipstein, whom he insisted on her marrying, was a millionaire, the Archdeacon replies, somewhat astonished at her stupidity, "He came from America. Of course he was a millionaire." And in *Fanny's First Play*, the Admirable Juggins, the aristocratic butler, piqued by the propensity of the daughters of American capitalists to marry British titles, explains to the assembled Knøxes and Gilbeys that as a younger son he was unable to support himself or "even to remain in the Guards in competition with the grandsons of American millionaires." The Duke of Domesday in *On the Rocks* foresees the time when he, like the country, is on the rocks: "When Domesday Towers is sold to an American I shall have no family seat left." Money, in fact, means so little to all Americans that the day after Epifania, the millionairess, in the play of the same name, in her new role as scullery maid has bought a load of fresh crockery to use in the inn, "An American lady with a boating party bought them right off the table for three times what they cost." Yes, laments Shaw in the preface to *Man and Superman*, "Our newspapers and melodrama are blustering about our imperial destiny; but

our eyes and hearts turn eagerly to the American millionaire. As his hand goes down into his pocket, our fingers go up to the brims of our hats by instinct."

It is extravagance and display, as well as shady methods of money-making, that the prudent Shaw cannot condone. Alastair Fitzfassen-den, for instance, made the fortune which allowed him to marry Epifania through an American who showed him how to kite checks and promote a play by questionable financing. The American squandered twice as much as necessary for everything, and went crazy with the excitement. "It went to the American's head. It went to the head of the American's American friends. They bought all the rights: the film rights, the translation rights, the touring rights, all sorts of rights that I never knew existed, and began selling them to one another until everybody in London and New York and Hollywood had a rake-off on them. Then the American bought all the rights back for five hundred thousand dollars, and sold them to an American syndicate for a million. It took six more Americans to do it; and every one of them had to have a rake-off." So hysterical did they become that Alastair cleared out with the mere fifty thousand pounds that he needed, and then, like a plain Englishman, invested his money in a circus and went broke in three weeks. Clearly, the character of the American financier hadn't improved much in fifty years, for when Shaw had written *The Irrational Knot* a half-century earlier, he had dissected the American economic and moral structure as follows: "Money controls morality; and what makes the United States of America look so foolish even in foolish Europe is that they are always in a state of flurried concern and violent interference with morality, whereas they throw their money in the street to be scrambled for, and presently find that their cash reserves are . . . in the pockets of a few millionaires who, bewildered by their luck, and unspeakably incapable of making any truly economic use of it, endeavor to 'do good' with it by letting themselves be fleeced by philanthropic committee men, building contractors, librarians and professors." All of which helps to account for the Henry Higginses, Alf Doolittles, and Ezra D. Wannafellers of *Pygmalion*.

Shaw can see little else than a materialistic society in America. It is a country of mass production of cheap goods which flood the foreign as well as the domestic market. A "cheap American clock" is specified as part of the setting of Valentine's dental office in *You Never Can Tell*. An "American alarum clock" is provided for in the scene in Eliza's room in the moving picture version of *Pygmalion*. So far, indeed, does Shaw's distaste for American manufacture extend that he commits complete mayhem on chronology in *The Devil's Disciple* by having Burgoyne remonstrate, "I should never dream of hanging anybody by an American clock." Moreover, the table in Parson Anderson's house has a "treacle colored cover of American cloth." Even in the Revolutionary War the colonists were finding a way to compete successfully with the more costly imported British products! On the other hand, it should be remembered that in *The Apple Cart* Shaw has some fun at the expense of the campaign to "Buy British!"

In *Captain Brassbound's Conversion*, the largest room in missionary Rankin's room in Morocco is furnished with a "couple of cheap

American chairs," and Rankin reminds Drinkwater that "The most dangerous chieftain in these parts, the Sheikh Sidi el Assif, has a new American machine pistol which fires ten bullets without loadin'." One of the inducements that Undershaft holds out to Major Barbara for improving the lot of the poor by his method is that they will no longer have to sleep in a shelter on "an American cloth mattress." Adrian Blenderbland in *The Millionairess* is plunged into "the worst of tempers" because of the bad meal he has had, part of which consisted of "stale American synthetic cheese" — perhaps the product of Ezra Wannefeller's Pre-Digested Cheese Trust. The hotel in *You Never Can Tell* even in 1896 is distinguished by its "American bar." When Henry Straker learns that "a young American gentleman, a Mr. Malone, . . . is driving . . . down in his new American steam car," he becomes competitively excited; and Tanner realizes that if he doesn't let his chauffeur take "a thousand mile run once a fortnight" Straker is likely to give him "the sack and go to some American millionaire." For the Americans are a speedy and a mechanical race; even in *The Devil's Disciple* Anderson warns Burgoyne, "America is in a hurry." American inventiveness and inquisitiveness are still characteristic in the twenty-second century, for in *Back to Methuselah* an "American fellow" has written a book on deaths by drowning and invented a method for breathing under water; and Confucius reminds Burge-Lubin contemptuously that "Englishmen always believe any statement made by an American inventor." The same condescending attitude is taken by Douglas in *The Irrational Knot*, when, after he has been shown some of Conolly's electrical models and heard the inventor talk on the possibilities of flying, he remarks, "'He is a Yankee, I suppose,' . . . as if ingenuity were a low habit that must be tolerated in an American." Yet Conolly is the only American that Shaw himself shows any fondness for — because he is a complete realist. Captain Hamlin Kearney of the American cruiser Santiago in *Captain Brassbound's Conversion* sums up Shaw's conception of the typical genial American extrovert, practical and self-confident, but more boy than man. The gist of Shaw's charges in this respect is stated in his own person in the notes to *Caesar and Cleopatra*, when he asks ironically, "Is the Englishman prepared to admit that the American is his superior as a human being?" and answers his own question with an emphatic "No" in spite of the American's new machinery, his increased "command over Nature," and such insignificant matters.

Burge-Lubin agrees with Confucius that Americans are "barbarians," though he will not let him say the same thing about other white men, especially the English. Confucius has also been impressed by American loquacity, and reminds the President, "We cannot silence the American — who can silence an American?" The highfalutin idealistic and romantic conversation which flows ceaselessly from young Hector Malone in *Man and Superman* is both amusing and irritating to Shaw. In *Back to Methuselah* Joyce Burge asserts that in the winning of the war, "America found the talk: I found the shells." In fact, according to the preface to *Heartbreak House*, American patriotism went to lunatic excesses during the war, and the nation so betrayed the ideals of President Wilson that "Probably the most tragic figure of the day is the American President who was once a historian."

Americans are also rapacious and imperialistic, for King Magnus in *The Apple Cart* rebukes Queen Jemima for suggesting that the American ambassador be kept waiting, with a "What! When we still owe America that old war debt! And with a mad imperialist president like Bossfield!" The language spoken by Americans is barbarous, too. Magnus is amused by "this king business, as the Americans call it," and the gentlemanly Jew in Geneva recalls that "gunwomen" are called "gunmolls" in America. The journalist in the same play is a walking example of the most atrocious "Americanese." Nor can Americans distinguish between cultured and uncultured English people, since in *Village Wooing* the Americans on the ship haven't discovered that "Z" is not a lady, because they don't know the difference and think her telephone operator's talk is aristocratic.

Most fundamental of all, the American brag about the beauty and perfection of their democratic institutions is pure poppycock. Vanhatten, the American ambassador in *The Apple Cart*, proposes that the United States absorb Great Britain for their mutual good and does not bat an eye while making the offer. Although Franklyn Barnabas does give America credit for having "boldly affirmed the democratic principle" during the First World War and come to the rescue of the English, in *Geneva Bombardone* affirms that without a strong leader, "you have mob law, lynching law, gangster law: in short, American democracy." At the same time, somewhat inconsistently, Shaw charges that the American political system gives its president more power than any other ruler in the world. Magnus asks Boanerges seriously, "Do you really think that any man should have as much personal power as the presidents of the republican states have? Ambitious kings envy them." The Inca of Perusalem, a rather admiring take-off on the Kaiser, states the conception in its most extreme form when he insists that constitutional monarchs, emperors, and even Incas have no real power. "But look at the American President! He is the Allerhöchst, if you like. No, madam, believe me, there is nothing like Democracy, American Democracy. Give the people voting papers: good long voting papers, American fashion; and while the people are reading the voting papers the Government does what it likes." And he concludes his diatribe by informing Ermytrude that Americans do not really worship before the Statue of Liberty, as they pretend, for "They have erected it in the proper place for a statue of Liberty: on its tomb." Moreover, to drive the point home, Shaw has the Inca assure Ermytrude that he is quite safe in speaking thus frankly because, if the Americans heard him say such things, they "would take it as a joke."

Democracy was no joke to Shaw; and yet at the same time it was a big joke. And its failure was the more pitiable because it started with such high ideals. In the preface to *Getting Married* he granted that the American Constitution is "one of the few modern political documents drawn up by men who were forced by the sternest circumstances to think out what they really had to face instead of chopping logic in a university class room." And he repeated this idea in other places. In the "Preface for Politicians" in *John Bull's Other Island*, in comparing America with England, he admitted that "the American Republic is the stabler government because it starts from

a formal concession of natural rights, and keeps up an illusion of safeguarding them by an elaborate machinery of democratic elections;" but nevertheless, "America, as far as one can ascertain, is much worse governed, and has a much more disgraceful political history than England under Charles I."

American democracy has not worked, socially, politically, morally, or racially. Its inner strains and contradictions are illustrated, for instance, in the hypocritical American attitude toward divorce. According to the preface to *Major Barbara*, just as we cannot successfully "found political institutions on a basis of social inequality. . . , so the attempt — will Americans please note — to found moral institutions on a basis of moral inequality can lead to nothing but unnatural Reigns of the Saints relieved by licentious Restorations." In fact, it has already led "to Americans who have made divorce a public institution turning the face of Europe into one huge sardonic smile by refusing to stay in the same hotel with a Russian man of genius [Gorki] who has changed wives without the sanction of South Dakota." The Shavian risibilities were excited still more bitterly by the contemplation of racial inequalities in the preface to *Man and Superman*: "We laugh at the haughty American nation because it makes the negro clean its boots and then proves the moral and physical inferiority of the negro by the fact that he is a shoeblack." But in *Geneva*, although the Newcomer, whom the Secretary has derisively described as "some sort of half-Americanized colonist," asks rhetorically whether the Americans will let a Jap into California, he also points out that the British won't let a "yellow man" into Australia, and that the home government got into bad trouble in 1906 "when it wanted to let Chinese labor into Lancashire." The picture is not completely one-sided.

The general consistency of Shaw's views on America, however, appears plainly when one compares the picture that he drew of it in *An Unsocial Socialist* in 1883 with that in the speech which he made on "The Future of Political Science in America," delivered in New York in 1933 on the round-the-world tour which brought him personally — and very briefly — to the United States for the only time in his life. In the novel, Sidney Trefusis, lecturing extemporaneously to some of his friends on the horrors of non-socialistic civilization all over the world, touches upon the United States as the "home of liberty, theatre of manhood suffrage, kingless and lordless land of Protection, Republicanism, and the realized Radical Programme, where all the black chattel slaves were turned into wage-slaves (like my father's white fellows) at a cost of 800,000 lives and wealth incalculable. You and I are paupers in comparison with the great capitalists of that country, where the laborers fight for bones with the Chinamen, like dogs." In 1933 Shaw described America as a museum of sociological antiquities, with a Constitution which is a "permanent charter of anarchism," preventing the establishment of one open dictator, but substituting hundreds of unofficial dictators in the persons of political bosses, employers, and financiers. The capitalist really rules society, but he is no statesman. His foreign investments bring about a condition of monetary imperialism. Thus America is turning into a sort of gigantic night club of the idle rich, living on tribute. The American, who began as a second-hand European, and is still mentally largely



in the eighteenth century, first turned rhetorical and then merely noisy; he has always been sentimental. Yet every now and then, he has demonstrated some intelligence in political experimentation, as in the Mormon organization.

Finally, Shaw, to send his audience away in a happier mood, admitted that some of these characteristics were shared by himself. He was always, he insisted, fond of Americans.

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#### BRITISH MUSEUM ACQUIRES SHAW MSS. FROM ESTATE

London, April 11. Two large groups of papers — the largest modern literary archive ever to come to the library — have been acquired from the Shaw Estate by the British Museum. The first group consists of the papers Shaw bequeathed to the Museum, and contains about 5000 letters to and from Shaw, extending from 1876, when he left Dublin for London, until his death in 1950. The second group of documents, which under the terms of the will were to be sold, and which the Museum has purchased with the permission of the other residuary legatees, the National Gallery of Ireland and the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, includes the original drafts of many Shawian plays, and manuscripts of other works. The price of the acquisition was not disclosed; however, it was announced that it included drafts of a "Passion Play" Shaw composed in 1878, *The Doctor's Dilemma*, drafted in four small notebooks in 1906, and such late works as *The Millionairess* and the film scenario for *Pygmalion*. They are to be made accessible to scholars when the work of arranging them has been done.

# Bernard Shaw and *The Interlude at the Playhouse*

by Myron Matlaw<sup>1</sup>

The winter of 1906-07 was a difficult one for Bernard Shaw. H. G. Wells, campaigning for a reform scheme for the Fabian Society, precipitated a crisis whose effects Shaw was working hard to undo. At the same time, he was revising and enlarging the preface to *Major Barbara*, writing *The Doctor's Dilemma*, and rehearsing *The Philanderer* for a series of productions at the Court Theatre. Occasionally he was able to retreat from the busy life in London to his newly-purchased country home, the now-famous "Shaw's Corner" at Ayot St. Lawrence. But he wrote, on January 22, 1907: "I have worked so constantly this winter that I am an old whitehaired bentbacked man."<sup>2</sup>

The following week, however — on the evening of Monday, January 28, 1907 — he was among the "brilliant" gathering, as the *London Times* described it the next morning, that attended the grand opening of The Playhouse. This opening (which, incidentally, marks the first use of advance theatre bookings by telephone) had been delayed for some time, due to a series of unfortunate accidents. The worst of these had occurred over a year earlier, when the roof of Charing Cross Station fell on the newly-built and substantially-completed theatre, and utterly wrecked it. Eight people were killed and many were injured as a result of that accident, and for a while it appeared that the theatre would not be rebuilt. According to the *Times* "it was, no doubt, the recollection of that disaster and sympathy for the plucky perseverance shown in winning through, in spite of it, that gave an air of especial cordiality, of something, indeed, very like public rejoicing, to the opening performance last night."

The program was long, varied, and most successful. After the National Anthem came a blood-curdling "thrilling little Indian Mutiny play," Austin Strong's one-act *The Drums of Oude*. The only mishap of the evening occurred at the end of this melodrama, when the act-drop failed to respond, leaving hero and heroine (Kenneth Douglas and Nancy Price) locked in a tender but embarrassingly prolonged embrace. The main piece on the program was that season's already popular farce-comedy hit, *Toddles*, adapted from the French by the noted American playwright Clyde Fitch. *Toddles* was followed by an amusing little duologue, *Sixes and Sevens*, and the evening ended with a graceful address by Herbert Beerbohm Tree and a brief speech of thanks by the manager. At 12:15 the audience finally departed, to the orchestral strains of "Auld Lang Syne."

The biggest hit of the program — "the clou of the evening," as the *Times* put it — was a sort of prologue to the main attraction, *Tod-*

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Matlaw, co-editor of the recently published *Pro and Con* (Houghton-Mifflin, 1960), teaches English at Hunter College in New York City. His article (in slightly different form) was originally read before the New York Regional Group of The Shaw Society (London) on April 4, 1959.

<sup>2</sup> From a letter to Siegfried Trebitsch, reprinted by kind permission of the Henry W. and Albert A. Berg Collection of the New York Public Library.

dles. Yet while it was announced simply as an "Address," *The Interlude at the Playhouse* is — to us — the most important event of the evening. For although the programs did not mention it, its author was one of the distinguished members in the audience, Bernard Shaw.

Even the lesser works of a first-rate writer are, of course, of great interest. They often shed further light on his mind and work and exhibit occasional flashes of the brilliance that is characteristic of the artist's maturer and profounder work. This playlet, although far from another *Man and Superman*, is a delightful example of Shavian tomfoolery. Further, since it was never included in any edition of Shaw's works or collected plays, it has been hitherto generally unknown and inaccessible and it is therefore substantially new to the corpus of Shaw's dramatic works.

For these reasons the story of its composition and production is of particular interest. Intimately connected with this story are Cyril Maude, owner of The Playhouse, and his wife, Winifred Emery, who had become his leading lady while he was co-managing the Haymarket Theatre in 1896. Shaw's theatrical connection with Maude and Winifred Emery began some years before he wrote *The Interlude* for them. Their earliest joint theatrical venture had turned out to be so abortive, however, that future collaboration between them appeared at that time (1897) quite unlikely. In his preface to *Plays Pleasant* Shaw writes that the venture — a production of *You Never Can Tell* — "was an attempt to comply with many requests for a play in which the much paragraphed 'brilliancy' of Arms and the Man should be tempered by some consideration for the requirements of managers in search of fashionable comedies for West End theatres." Shaw offered the play to Maude for production at the Haymarket in 1897, with high hopes of getting at audiences more successfully than through social sermons. His decision to supervise the rehearsals turned out to be catastrophic: because of his dictatorial, scheming, and insulting mode of behavior many of the actors simply walked out and Maude became totally demoralized. "Don't let anything stop that comedy at the Haymarket," Ellen Terry wrote him at the time. "You have written a crowd of splendid plays. Now let some of 'em be acted."<sup>3</sup> But despite her admonition Shaw finally withdrew the play. The whole story of Shaw's supervision of the rehearsals, briefly noted above, is most amusingly told by Shaw himself, although anonymously and under the guise of Maude's pen, in Chapter XVI of the latter's *The Haymarket Theatre* (1903). The narrative there ends with Maude, the supposed author of the chapter, declaring of Shaw: "His name is never mentioned in my household."

This was Shaw's joke (and perhaps apology), for their friendly relationship was not seriously jeopardized. Before he wrote *The Interlude at the Playhouse* for Maude they appear to have been on the friendliest of terms. In 1905 Shaw wrote a short play (*Passion, Poison, and Petrification*) at his special request, and in the following year they were corresponding about another play. Maude was uncertain

<sup>3</sup> St. John Ervine, *Bernard Shaw: His Life, Work and Friends* (New York, 1956), p. 298.



still about the opening of his Playhouse, for he had not yet recovered any money from the London and South-Eastern Company for the terrible accident that had ruined his almost-completed theatre. (Soon thereafter he was to recover £20,000, enabling him to rebuild and open The Playhouse.) Also, Winifred Emery was very ill, undergoing the last in a series of five operations during a period of three years. Beset by these troubles, Maude wrote Shaw, asking him for a play. In his genial reply of November 27, 1906, Shaw says, among other things: "Nothing would please me better than to do a comedy for you. . . . I think my best plan is to wait until you are all ruined and then give you engagements at the Court (£10 double star salary — to *you*) and have magnificently acted performances."<sup>4</sup>

It was sometime between the writing of this letter and the opening performance on January 28, 1907, that Shaw composed *The Interlude at the Playhouse* for the special occasion. In part, Maude was eager for an additional piece for the evening in order that his wife, indisposed for so long, might also appear on the big night. This is how Maude relates how Shaw presented the playlet to him: "George Bernard Shaw *most* kindly and generously undertook to write a little scene in which we both took part. It was of course *brilliant*. I remember so well his coming to my house in Cleveland Gardens and reading the little sketch to me. My little boy (then six years old) was present when he read it, and as Shaw went out of the house, John called out to me, 'I say, why don't you get that man to write *all* your plays?' Oh, my boy, I thought, if only *I could*."<sup>5</sup>

*The Interlude at the Playhouse* is one of three light dramatic works that Shaw wrote in that period. In Archibald Henderson's words, this "Address," *How He Lied to Her Husband* (1904), and *Passion, Poison and Petrification* (1905) all "exhibit the joker Shaw at his Shawest."<sup>6</sup> Apparently considering it the best of the three pieces, Dr. Henderson speaks most warmly — if briefly — of *The Interlude at the Playhouse*: "The genuine delicacy and lightness of touch with which the situation is handled, and the absence of Shavian intrusiveness," he writes, "unite in making of the interlude a little gem, quite perfect of its kind."<sup>7</sup> And indeed *The Interlude* is that.

One of the few reviewers of its first performance noted Shaw's adroit use of the Maudes' "well-bred familiarity between themselves and their public" to construct a modern and Shavian version of the eighteenth-century comic prologue in this "little charade," as the reviewer called it: "It is not written in rhymed verse, but its obviously artificial hesitations, confidences, lapses of memory, impromptus, and appeals for support are in the most traditional manner."<sup>8</sup> The situation depicted in it is perfectly simple and — unlikely those presented in Shaw's other two minor pieces — perfectly credible. Under the guise of a wife's solicitude for her nervous and pedantic actor-manager

<sup>4</sup> Cyril Maude, *Behind the Scenes with Cyril Maude* (London, 1927), pp. 152-53.

<sup>5</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 161.

<sup>6</sup> George Bernard Shaw: *His Life and Works* (Cincinnati, 1911), p. 322.

<sup>7</sup> Bernard Shaw: *Man of the Century* (New York, 1956), p. 567.

<sup>8</sup> Boston Evening Transcript, February 16, 1907.

husband's impending ordeal of delivering a speech to a theatre audience, Shaw manages gently to poke fun at both parties, as well as to ridicule various affectations — particularly sentimentality — in the theatre and outside of it. "Edwin," attempting to narrate a detailed history of the site of The Playhouse from the period of Domesday Book to the present, is constantly interrupted by "Angelina," who finally manages to filch all but the last page — the peroration — of his address. Even with the little left him, she interrupts whenever he begins to wax sentimental, until he exclaims, in desperation, that her interruptions have "emptied my soul of all its welling pathos."

The audience relished the whole comic situation and the barbs — all typically Shavian — aimed at politics, education, popular theatre, and histrionics. It was also amused by a comic allusion to the Charing Cross Station disaster, for Shaw — whose authorship was strongly suspected at once — scorned sentimentalizing even tragedy. In its next-morning's review of the whole program the *Daily Mail*, which reprinted the script of "The Interlude at The Playhouse: By Bernard Shaw" elsewhere in that edition, wrote: "It was all very intimate and house-partyish, and certainly killed any possibility of sentiment. Mr. Shaw loathes sentiment, he says, and he was evidently determined that the send-off of The Playhouse should be quite matter of fact. These things are just questions of policy."

And the audience heartily appreciated such a policy. The "Address" was apparently written only for the house-warming performance, but its success (it "caused roars of laughter from one end to the other," according to the *Times*), and no doubt too the spreading word of its authorship, kept it going for the whole week, for a total of eight performances. The Playhouse advertisements in the papers for the remainder of the week featured, as one of the major, but anonymous, attractions: "Mr. CYRIL MAUDE, 'Supported' by Miss WINIFRED EMERY, will 'Address' the Audience." The theatre programs were similarly phrased, although, as may be gathered from the reviews and the text of the script, it was Maude, in fact, who did the supporting, his wife having the star part.

Considering the topicality of the playlet, and the special circumstances of its composition and production, it holds up remarkably well as a minor, but an amusing and typically Shavian, dramatic creation. As such it is well worth restoring into the general body of Shaw's drama. It reads better, I think, than the posthumously-published *Why She Would Not* and some of the slight pieces that are included among the fifty-one plays in the last edition of *The Complete Plays of Bernard Shaw*.

Aside from Maude's autobiography, *The Interlude at the Playhouse* appeared in the London *Daily Mail* of January 29, 1907. I am indebted to Mr. Dan H. Laurence for calling my attention to the *Boston Evening Transcript* of February 16, 1907. Under the title "An Interlude By Shaw" the skit, "as it came from Mr. Shaw's hand," is there reprinted — straight from the *Daily Mail*. That version and Maude's are almost identical except that Maude prints the real names while the *Daily Mail*, which printed the skit from Shaw's copy and as

it actually was performed that week, uses the comic pseudonyms Shaw invented: Edwin Goldsmith for Cyril Maude, Angelina for Winifred, and *Pickles* for *Toddles*. There appears to be no extant manuscript or typescript of the play. The executors of Shaw's estate know of the existence of no such document, and Shaw scholars have been unable to trace one to date.<sup>9</sup>

## THE INTERLUDE AT THE PLAYHOUSE

*Opening night. Brilliant first-night audience assembled. Conclusion of overture. In each programme a slip has been distributed, stating that before the play begins the Manager will address a few words to the audience.*

*The float is turned up. Lights down in auditorium.*

*Expectancy. Silence.*

*The act drop is swung back. Evidently somebody is coming forward to make a speech.*

*Enter before the curtain the Manager's wife, with one of the programme slips in her hand.*

THE MANAGER'S WIFE: Ladies and gentlemen. (*She hesitates, overcome with nervousness; then plunges ahead.*) About this speech — you know — this little slip in your programmes — it says that Edwin — I mean Mr. Goldsmith — I am so frightfully nervous — I — (*she begins tearing up the slip carefully into very small pieces*) I have to get this finished before he comes up from his dressing-room, because he doesn't know what I'm doing. If he *did*——! Well, what I want to say is — of course, I am saying it very badly because I never could speak in public; but the fact is, neither can Edwin. Excuse my calling him Edwin; I know I should speak of him as Mr. Goldsmith; but — but — perhaps I had better explain that we are married; and the force of habit is so strong — er — yes, isn't it? You see, it's like this. At least, what I wanted to say is — is — is — er ——. A little applause would encourage me, perhaps, if you don't mind. Thank you. Of course, it's so ridiculous to be nervous like this, among friends, isn't it? But I have had such a dreadful week at home over this speech of Edwin's. He gets so angry with me when I tell him that he can't make speeches, and that nobody wants him to make one! I only wanted to encourage him; but he is so irritable when he has to build a theatre! Of course, you wouldn't think so, seeing him act; but you don't know what he is at home. Well, dear ladies and gentlemen, will you be very nice and kind to him when he is speaking, and if he is nervous, don't notice it? And please don't make any noise; the least sound upsets him and puts his speech out of his head. It is really a very good speech; he has not let me see the manuscript, and he thinks I know nothing about it; but I have heard him make it four times in his sleep. He does it very well when he is asleep — quite like an orator; but unfortunately he is awake now, and in a fearful state of nerves. I felt I must come out and ask you to be kind to him — after all, we are old friends, aren't we? (*Applause.*) Oh, thank you, thank you; that is your promise to me to be kind to him. Now I will run away. Please don't tell him I dared to do this. (*Going.*) And, *please, please*, not the least noise. If a hairpin drops, all is lost. (*Coming back to centre.*) Oh, and Mr. Conductor,

<sup>9</sup> If such a document exists anywhere, it probably would be among Maude's papers and memorabilia. That collection is in the possession of his son, Judge John C. Maude, who believes that there may be such a document in the collection, although he is unable to locate it and sees no prospect of its imminent recovery.

would you be so very good, when he comes to the pathetic part, to give him a little slow music. Something affecting, you know.

CONDUCTOR: Certainly, Mrs. Goldsmith, certainly.

THE MANAGER'S WIFE: Thank you. You know, it is one of the great sorrows of his life that the managers will not give him an engagement in melodrama. Not that he likes melodrama; but he says that the slow music is such a support on the stage; and he needs all the support he can get tonight, poor fellow! The —

A CARPENTER (*from the side, putting his head round the edge of the curtain*): Tsst! ma'am, tsst!

THE MANAGER'S WIFE: Eh? What's the matter?

THE CARPENTER: The governor's dressed and coming up, ma'am.

THE MANAGER'S WIFE: Oh! (*To the audience.*) Not a word. (*She hurries off, with her finger on her lips.*)

(*The warning for the band sounds. "Auld Lang Syne" is softly played. The curtain rises, and discovers a reading table, with an elaborate, triple-decked folding desk on it. A thick manuscript of unbound sheets is on the desk. A tumbler and decanter, with water, and two candles, shaded from the audience, are on the table. Right of table, a chair, in which the Manager's Wife is seated. Another chair, empty, left of table. At the desk stands the Manager, ghastly pale. Applause. When silence is restored, he makes two or three visible efforts to speak.*)

THE MANAGER'S WIFE (*aside*): Courage, dear.

THE MANAGER (*smiling with effort*): Oh, quite so, quite so. Don't be frightened, dearest. I am quite self-possessed. It would be very silly for me to — er — there is no occasion for nervousness — I — er — quite accustomed to public life — er — ahem! (*He opens the manuscript, raises his head, and takes breath.*) Er — (*he flattens the manuscript out with his hand, affecting the ease and large gesture of an orator. The desk collapses with an appalling clatter. He collapses, shaking with nervousness, into the chair.*)

THE MANAGER'S WIFE (*running to him solicitously*): Never mind, dear; it was only the desk. Come, come now. You're better now, aren't you? The audience is waiting.

THE MANAGER: I thought it was the station.

THE MANAGER'S WIFE: There's no station there now, dear; it's quite safe. (*Replacing the MS. on the desk.*) There! That's right. (*She sits down and composes herself to listen.*)

THE MANAGER (*beginning his speech*): Dear friends — I wish I could call you ladies and gentlemen —

THE MANAGER'S WIFE: Hm! Hm! Hm!

THE MANAGER: What's the matter?

THE MANAGER'S WIFE (*prompting him*): Ladies and gentlemen, I wish I could call you dear friends.

THE MANAGER: Well, what did I say?

THE MANAGER'S WIFE: You said it the other way about. No matter. Go on. They will understand.

THE MANAGER: Well, what difference does it make? (*Testily.*) How am I to make a speech if I am to be interrupted in this way? (*To the audience.*) Excuse my poor wife, ladies and gentlemen. She is naturally a little nervous to-night. You will overlook a woman's weakness. (*To his wife.*) Compose yourself, my dear. Ahem! (*He returns to the MS.*) The piece of land on which our theatre is built is

mentioned in Domesday Book; and you will be glad to hear that I have succeeded in tracing its history almost year by year for the 800 years that have elapsed since that book — perhaps the most interesting of all English books — was written. That history I now propose to impart to you. Angelina, I really cannot make a speech if you look at your watch. If you think I am going on too long, say so.

THE MANAGER'S WIFE: Not at all, dear. But our friends may not be so fond of history as you are.

THE MANAGER: Why not? I am surprised at you, Angelina. Do you suppose that this is an ordinary frivolous audience of mere play-goers? You are behind the times. Look at our friend Tree, making a fortune out of Roman history! Look at the Court Theatre: they listen to this sort of thing for three hours at a stretch there. Look at the Royal Institution, the Statistical Society, the House of Commons! Are we less scholarly, less cultured, less serious than the audiences there? I say nothing of my own humble powers; but *am* I less entertaining than an average Cabinet Minister? You show great ignorance of the times we live in, Angelina; and if my speech bores you, that only shows that you are not in the movement. I am determined that this theatre shall be in the movement.

THE MANAGER'S WIFE: Well, all I can tell you is that if you don't get a little more movement into your speech, there won't be time for Pickles.

THE MANAGER: That does not matter. We can omit Pickles if necessary. I have played Pickles before. If you suppose I am burning to play Pickles again you are very much mistaken. If the true nature of my talent were understood I should be playing Hamlet. Ask the audience whether they would not like to see me play Hamlet. (*Enthusiastic assent.*) There! You ask me why I don't play Hamlet instead of Pickles.

THE MANAGER'S WIFE: I never asked you anything of the kind.

THE MANAGER: Please don't contradict me, Angelina — at least not in public. I say you ask me why I don't play Hamlet instead of Pickles. Well, the reason is that anybody can play Hamlet, but it takes me to play Pickles. I leave Hamlet to those who can provide no livelier form of entertainment. (*Resolutely returning to the MS.*) I am now going back to the year eleven hundred.

THE STAGE MANAGER (*coming on in desperation*): No, sir, you can't go back all that way; you promised me you would be done in ten minutes. I've got to set for the first act.

THE MANAGER: Well, is it my fault? My wife won't let me speak. I have not been able to get in a word edgewise. (*Coaxing.*) Come, there's a dear, good chap; just let me have another twenty minutes or so. The audience *wants* to hear my speech. You wouldn't disappoint them, would you?

THE STAGE MANAGER (*going*): Well, it's as you please, sir; not as I please. Only don't blame me if the audience loses its last train and comes back to sleep in the theatre, that's all. (*He goes off with the air of a man who is prepared for the worst.*)

(*During the conversation with the Stage Manager, the Manager's Wife, unobserved by her husband, steals the manuscript; replaces the last two leaves of it on the desk; puts the rest on her chair, and sits down on it.*)

THE MANAGER: That man is hopelessly frivolous; I really must get a more cultured staff. (*To the audience.*) Ladies and gentlemen, I'm extremely sorry for these unfortunate interruptions and delays; you can

see that they are not my fault. (*Returning to the desk.*) Ahem! Er — hallo! I am getting along faster than I thought. I shall not keep you much longer now. (*Resuming his oration.*) Ladies and gentlemen, I have dealt with our little playhouse in its historical aspect. I have dealt with it in its political aspect, in its financial aspect, in its artistic aspect, in its social aspect, in its County Council aspect, in its biological and psychological aspects. You have listened to me with patience and sympathy. You have followed my arguments with intelligence, and accepted my conclusions with indulgence. I have explained to you why I have given our new theatre its pleasant old name; why I selected "Pickles" as the opening piece. I have told you of our future plans, of the engagements we have made, the pieces we intend to produce, the policy we are resolved to pursue. (*With graver emphasis.*) There remains only one word more. (*With pathos.*) If that word has a personal note in it you will forgive me. (*With deeper pathos.*) If the note is a deeper and tenderer one than I usually venture to sound on the stage, I hope you will not think it out of what I believe is called my line. (*With emotion.*) Ladies and gentlemen, it is now more than twenty years since I and my dear wife — (*Violins tremolando; flute solo, "Auld Lang Syne."*) What's that noise? Stop. What do you mean by this?

(*The band is silent.*)

THE MANAGER'S WIFE: They are only supporting you, Edwin. Nothing could be more appropriate.

THE MANAGER: Supporting me! They have emptied my soul of all its welling pathos. I never heard anything so ridiculous. Just as I was going to pile it on about you, too.

THE MANAGER'S WIFE: Go on, dear. The audience was just getting interested.

THE MANAGER: So was I. And then the band starts on me. Is this Drury Lane or is it the Playhouse? Now, I haven't the heart to go on.

THE MANAGER'S WIFE: Oh, please do. You were getting on so nicely.

THE MANAGER: Of course I was. I had just got everybody into a thoroughly serious frame of mind, and then the silly band sets everybody laughing — just like the latest fashion in tragedy. All my trouble gone for nothing! There's nothing left of my speech now; it might as well be the Education Bill.

THE MANAGER'S WIFE: But you must finish it, dear.

THE MANAGER: I won't. Finish it yourself.

(*Exit in high dudgeon.*)

THE MANAGER'S WIFE (*rising and coming C*): Ladies and gentlemen. Perhaps I had better finish it. You see, what my husband and I have been trying to do is a very difficult thing. We have some friends here — some old and valued friends — some young ones, too, we hope, but we also have for the first time in this house of ours the great public. We dare not call ourselves the friends of the public. We are only its servants; and, like all servants, we are very much afraid of seeming disrespectful if we allow ourselves to be too familiar; and we are most at our ease when we are doing our work. We rather dread occasions like these, when we are allowed, and even expected, to step out of our place, and speak in our own persons of our own affairs — even for a moment, perhaps, *very* discreetly, of our own feelings. Well, what can we do? We recite a little verse; we make a little speech; we are shy; in the end we put ourselves out of countenance, put you out of countenance, and strain your attitude of kindness and welcome until it



becomes an attitude of wishing that it was all over. Well, we resolved not to do that to-night if we could help it. After all, you know how glad we are to see you, for you have the advantage of us; you can do without us; we cannot do without you. I will not say that

The drama's laws the drama's patrons give,

And we who live to please must please to live,<sup>10</sup>

because that is not true; and it never has been true. The drama's laws have a higher source than your caprice or ours; and in this playhouse of ours we will not please you except on terms honourable to ourselves and to you. But on those terms we hope that you may spend many pleasant hours here, and we as many hard-working ones, as at our old home in the Haymarket. And now may I run away and tell Edwin that his speech has been a great success after all, and that you are quite ready for Pickles? (*Assent and applause.*) Thank you. (*Exit.*)

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<sup>10</sup> The couplet is slightly misquoted by Shaw ("... we that live ..."). It comes from Dr. Johnson's famous "PROLOGUE Spoken by Mr. Garrick, at the Opening of the Theater in Drury Lane, 1747" (lines 53-54).

# Bernard Shaw — Aspects and Problems of Research

edited by Arthur O. Lewis, Jr., and Stanley Weintraub<sup>1</sup>

*[The first attempt to gather together American Shaw scholars to talk to (and at) each other about problems of mutual interest drew thirty-nine conferees to the annual meeting of the Modern Language Association in Chicago on December 28, 1959. The success of the conference seemed obvious. Time officially ran out on the discussants, and knots of conferees continued to keep some lines of inquiry going informally until the conference room had to be given up to another scheduled group. Application has been made to schedule a second conference on Shaw for the 1960 meeting, which will take place in Philadelphia in late December.]*

*The editors of the conference transcript were, respectively, conference secretary and discussion leader. A list of the participants is appended at the close of the transcript.]*

**Weintraub:** This is a pilot conference on a very large subject. Interest in Shaw is probably greater today than it was at any time in his long lifetime. This is one reason for our discussion group today. Yet along with this interest is the paradox of his neglect by those who fail to consider Shaw among the seminal thinkers and literary forces of our time. He is often characterized as the last Victorian, or the last Puritan, or as the creator of an unique but not very profound body of work that has had no inheritors. Today also we find the corpus of Shaw's own published writings growing larger and larger in bulk, while Shavian criticism (some of it hasty and unscholarly) increases rapidly in bulk and scope. Obviously, then, much work needs to be done to clarify to Shavians what is being done and to help in placing each scholar's work and interests in this larger frame of reference. Our panel will attempt to illuminate three of the many aspects of Shavian research now in progress — biography, bibliography and criticism — and to consider what has been done, what needs doing in the future. To consider the man first, Professor Arthur H. Nethercot of Northwestern University will take up problems of Shavian biography.

**Nethercot:** My selection of the topic of biography, even though my own work on Shaw has not been biographical, results from my work on the biography of a Shavian associate of Fabian days, Annie Besant. It is doubtful that much significant work remains to be done in the biographical field, although certainly many details remain to be filled in. For instance, my own work on Mrs. Besant in the last eight or nine years has turned up new biographical material on Shaw. But one can legitimately doubt whether anything much remains to be done on the larger subject, in view of Henderson (three bio-

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Lewis, Associate Professor of English Literature, is Chairman of Graduate Studies in English at Penn State. Dr. Weintraub, Assistant Professor of English Literature, edits *The Shaw Review*.



graphies), Pearson (a biography and a supplement), Winsten, Irvine and Ervine, not to mention other writers. We may be dubious about the use and authoritativeness of some of the materials in the works of Pearson, Ervine and Winsten, especially when they are contradictory to each other. In this respect Ervine has been uncooperative in answering inquiries, and his biography is largely without citations.

I should say that future biographers working on Shaw will take two main courses. Neither of these, however, is likely to reveal anything of real importance, for the main lines of inquiry have been well laid down. These two are the ever-continuing discovery and publication of hitherto unknown or unused materials, and the correction of the errors of previous biographers — including Shaw himself, whose recollection of events in his past was not always fully reliable — for example, his uncertainty whether it was Madame Blavatsky's *Isis Unveiled* or *The Secret Doctrine* which had converted Annie Besant to Theosophy. At present the most important source of new biographical facts on the horizon is Shaw's diary, which he kept rather erratically from 1885 to 1897 and which apparently no outsider knew of until his death. Although Ervine and Winsten managed to use it, it remains in the possession of the Estate, and is now in the custody of the British Museum.

Although I have only seen transcripts of the passages in this diary bearing upon Annie Besant, they have enabled me to present a much more complete picture of Shaw's relations with her than I was able to in my article in *The Shaw Bulletin* in 1955. Their actual first meeting came several months after I had first believed, and it progressed in a somewhat different fashion. Some of the episodes in it, like the famous Bloody Sunday in Trafalgar Square as related to Pearson by Shaw, must also be revised somewhat. For instance, after Shaw had run away when the police and the soldiers attacked (or, as he put it in the diary, when he went home to have a cup of tea), leaving Mrs. Besant and others to carry on intrepidly without him, Pearson says that Shaw saw no more of her that day. As a matter of fact, as shown in the diary, Shaw's conscience hurt him so for deserting her that he went to her home that evening to see if she were all right. Not finding her there, he followed her to the Hall of Science, where she was speaking to her fellow-atheists (members of the National Secular Society). Then she accompanied him to "chair" his own speaking engagement before a socialist group. Undoubtedly the diary contains similar interesting information about other people and events in Shaw's life during these years.

Next to the diary, the chief places to search for new facts about Shaw are the minor periodicals and newspapers of the eighties and nineties, before Shaw emerged as a public figure to a wider reading audience. The best-known of these minor papers, which Shaw's major biographers have failed to examine with great care, are the jumble of radical and socialist organs: Hyndman's *Justice*, Morris's *Commonweal*, and Mrs. Besant's *National Reformer* and *Our Corner*. Perhaps even *The Republican* and *The Anarchist* might be added. For instance, a more careful reading of *Justice* in conjunc-

tion with *The Star* would have prevented Stephen Winsten from making at least one of his ludicrous errors in *Jesting Apostle*, this one concerning Shaw's lecture on Ibsen before the Fabians on July 18, 1890, at the St. James's Restaurant.

Winsten (*Jesting Apostle*, p. 75) ludicrously states that Mrs. Besant was responsible for the series of lectures because of her admiration for Ibsen, and adds that she listened to Shaw as if she were "listening to an oratorio"! As Shaw tells in *The Quintessence of Ibsenism*, it was the final lecture in a series devoted to "Socialism in Contemporary Literature," and he was giving the paper on Ibsen which he later developed into *The Quintessence*. But Shaw preserved a gentlemanly silence as to what happened outside the paper itself. *The Star* and *Justice*, however, were not so reticent. As the *Star* reporter saw it, "... the fun of Mr. Shaw's lecture came when, after a really wonderful analysis of Ibsen's plays, he came to turn his guns against Mrs. Besant, Mr. Herbert Burrows, and the Social Democratic Federation in general, and upheld the Fabian Society as embodying true Ibsenism. . . . Naturally this set a lively flame a-blowing and probably Mr. Shaw's defiance will be resented elsewhere than in the Fabian Society's rooms." In fact, Shaw's "anti-idealism" and his "anti-red-flag waving" made even his own Fabians' "flesh creep," inured as they were to his unpredictable forensic forays. The talk not only aroused much argument and discussion in the correspondence column of the *Star*; it also provoked *Justice* to take a hand, and Burrows wrote an editorial entitled "Socialism of the Sty," prompted by Shaw's paper. After he had sneered loftily at Shaw's "intellectual gymnastics" and at the typical Fabian's lack of concern to "help his brother man or elevate his sister woman" (though, just two weeks before, Shaw himself had written the lead editorial in the paper), Burrows went on to deplore Shaw's attitude toward Idealism. "Annie Besant, who was in the chair, which we could all perceive was anything but a bed of roses, and which some of us would not have been surprised to see her vacate, of course protested strongly against doctrines which cut at the root of everything she holds dear, but Mr. Shaw's answer to her was applauded more than her protestation." Burrows then concluded his revealing behind-the-scenes glimpse of the background of Shaw's first book on the drama by complaining about the harm of his "Jokism" and his unidealistic approach to life. Shaw's own conscience bothered him sufficiently so that when he wrote his Fabian Tract No. 41 he was impelled to insert a sort of embarrassed apology: "Those who have read this book and followed Mrs. Besant's subsequent career will understand at once that she must have felt as she listened to it that this was not her path."

Finally, a more careful tracing of Shaw's career through the newspapers of the last decades of the nineteenth century and the early decades of the twentieth might have prevented such biographers as Archibald Henderson and practically all producers and directors and reviewers of Shaw's plays in our day — and even the organizer of this conference! — from referring to Shaw in a way in which he earnestly desired not to be addressed — as George Bernard Shaw. Tracing his signed publications alone from "George Bernard

Shaw" through "G. Bernard Shaw" to simple "Bernard Shaw" would prove sufficiently how little he desired to be "Georged."

**Hill:** In spite of his faults, isn't Henderson still the most reliable biographer when we want to go to the facts?

**Nethercot:** Agreed.

**Palette and Couchman:** How trustworthy is St. John Ervine? He seems filled with emotional generalizations.

**Nethercot:** Ervine is prejudiced by his being a playwright and novelist. Hence his approach to Shaw is somewhat that of biographical fiction.

**Unidentified voice from the floor:** He also airs his anti-socialist prejudices at the cost of adequate treatment of this side of Shaw's career.

**Steinberg:** Haven't the biographers erred in accepting information from each other's works without checking?

**Laurence:** Definitely.

**Weintraub and Laurence:** (Discussion of Ervine's failure to document an alleged "sixth scene" of *Why She Would Not*. Extant documentary evidence shows no sixth scene, nor the words from it quoted by Ervine; and Ervine has declined to respond to any correspondence.)

**Laurence:** Shaw himself, in *The Times Literary Supplement*, called down Winsten for not being accurate.

**Weintraub:** I wonder whether the suppressed biography by O'Bolger might not add significantly to Shavian history.

**Laurence:** Shaw possessed a typescript of it, which presumably is now among his papers at the British Museum. In that event, it will eventually be available to scholars.

**Nethercot:** The William Irvine biography is a reliable one.

**Weintraub:** I'm going to have to call time on this phase of our discussion in order to have time for the rest. Mr. Dan H. Laurence of the Readex Microprint Corp., who is now working on a definitive bibliography of Shaw, will take up some aspects of Shavian bibliography.

**Laurence:** Ten minutes is barely time enough for a digest of an abstract on the subject of bibliography, particularly for comment on the problems involved in Shavian bibliography. The sheer physical bulk of the material is staggering — the plethora of pseudonyms, unsigned writings tantalizingly hinted at by Shaw and by his biographers (who had no information to provide), and the bandying about of names that are generally meaningless, such as *The Hornet*, *Pall Mall Gazette*, *North London Press* and *Dramatic Review*. The work of the bibliographer is complicated by inaccessibility to two major collections, the Shaw archive in the British Museum and the Hanley Library at Texas. There are problems even of locating files of known periodicals, though the recent publication of the British

Union Catalogue of Periodicals is a great help. No list exists of British newspapers in American libraries, and the *Union List of Serials* is frequently inaccurate. Nor is there, of course, any list of holdings of manuscripts or correspondence in American libraries.

There is a grave danger of misrepresentation and false conclusion resulting from past and present lack of scholarship in the Shaw field. Errors in Henderson's notes often remain unchanged through three biographies, from 1911 to 1956. Ervine almost completely lacks documentation, while both he and Pearson failed to check sources and, consequently, provide data which are misleading. Loewenstein handled bibliographical materials superficially, ignoring the textual problems of the rehearsal copies, or even a distinction between ordinary proofs and rehearsal copies. Shaw's own records sometimes misguide, as there are inaccuracies even in his account books, as well as in his correspondence and published "self sketches." I myself added to the confusion, sad to say, in a *Theatre Arts* article on *Why She Would Not*, when I assumed that a note "Green and Yellow" in Shaw's holograph at the top of the first page of the manuscript was one of several alternate titles for the play. I later learned from Blanche Patch that this was an instruction to her to type the first copy on green paper and the carbon on yellow, a standard procedure. Ironically, the error is perpetuated in Henderson's centennial biography, citing my article as authority.

Shaw was an inveterate revisionist, creating many textual problems, yet only one scholar has really attempted to come to grips with this matter (see Charles Shattuck's study of *Widowers' Houses*, "Shaw's Bad Quarto"). There are revisions not only in every edition, but often in subsequent impressions of a single edition. The texts of many of the plays were extensively overhauled for the *Collected Works* (1930-32), as were the *Star* musical articles when published in 1938 as *London Music, 1888-1889*. Shaw created additional problems for the bibliographers and textual scholars by revising texts specifically for translations and by first publication, as well as first performance, of some of his works in translation.

Needed is not only a bibliography of Shaw's works, but an annotated compendium of the myriad works about Shaw. Also variorums such as that of *Back to Methuselah* now being done by Harry Geduld.

**Gertz:** (Notes Dan Rider's story — in *Adventures with Bernard Shaw* — of the carelessness of Shaw's family with manuscript material.)

**Laurence:** (Agrees that much may have been lost, but that essentially Shaw himself was a conservator, as the published bibliography will prove. Notes parenthetically that the bombing of the British Museum was a major cause of lacunae in published materials, and particularly in irreplaceable files of provincial newspapers.)

**Bandel:** (Questions extent of Shaw's revisions.)

**Laurence:** Not only did Shaw revise from edition to edition (and before that, from one rehearsal copy to another), he often revised his works again before allowing a translator to work on them, or revised

the translator's proofs, so that a re-translation back into Shavian English might not look like the English original publication. The problem is even more complicated when we realize that not all revisions and abridgements in foreign translations were authorized or supervised by Shaw.

**Weintraub:** Weren't Shaw's novels extensively pirated and translated?

**Laurence:** Yes; however, there were also numerous changes Shaw made in them from edition to edition, primarily to detect pirates and protect copyrights of works otherwise in public domain. Particularly interesting are the revised tear-sheets of the serialized *The Irrational Knot* for its first American edition, now in the Walter Hampden Memorial Library of the Players' Club in New York.

**Hummert:** What kind of library is Players'?

**Laurence:** It is an outstanding theatrical collection, including prompt books, programs, photographs and manuscripts. It is too infrequently patronized by scholars, though it usefully supplements the New York Public Library and other drama collections, and its librarian Pat Carroll is extremely cooperative.

**Weintraub:** Because of fleeting time, we'd better go on to our final panelist, Professor Frederick P. W. McDowell of the State University of Iowa, who will consider some aspects of criticism of Shaw and his works.

**McDowell:** Judging by the sheer bulk of the literature, one would think everything has been said about Shaw; actually almost nothing has been said. Not very much that is conspicuously useful and important has been written. Shaw criticism, for the most part, exists at a more rudimentary level than Shaw biography. Students of Shaw owe much to Archibald Henderson, to F. H. Rattray, and to William Irvine. Even an off-center account like Frank Harris's is illuminating; a confused and distorted biography like Stephen Winsten's has material not available elsewhere, and Blanche Patch's acidulous reminiscences of Shaw are often pertinent. The publications, moreover, of some of the Shaw correspondence in recent years has been as significant for Shaw criticism as for biography.

Eric Bentley has commented upon the poor quality of most Shaw criticism in the introduction to the amended edition of his *Shaw: A Reconsideration* (1957). As a result he was unable to compile a collection of critical essays on Shaw, a project which would have been relatively easy to complete, he says, had the proposed volume been on Lawrence or Kafka. Louis Kronenberger's collection of 1953 proves Bentley's point. It demonstrates that there are few valuable books and essays on Shaw before 1947. Among the earlier writings on Shaw, Max Beerbohm's and Desmond MacCarthy's reviews are more incisive than the elaborate treatises written by most of their contemporaries. James Huneker's "The Quintessence of Shaw" is subtle and penetrating, and important not only for discussions of *Candida* and *Man and Superman* but for sensing the quality of Shaw's genius. Chesterton's is a unique book on Shaw



(1909; expanded version, 1936), done by a writer with some of Shaw's own flair for paradox. His ideological differences from Shaw served him well, sharpening his powers of discrimination rather than alienating him from his subject. Chesterton's remark that *Mrs. Warren's Profession* "was not spicy enough to pass the censor" is worth more than whole essays devoted to Shaw as "genius" or "innocent" or "harlequin or patriot." Good as Julius Bab's study is, it has not been translated from the German and has not been generally available for students. E. Strauss's *Bernard Shaw: Art and Socialism* (1942) has many significant insights, but a rigid methodology tempts Strauss to find more Marxism than exists in Shaw's works. Edmund Wilson's pioneering essay, "Bernard Shaw at Eighty," emphasizes moral and intellectual conflict as providing a completely valid organizing technique for the plays. Wilson also recognizes their intellectual substance and complicated organization; and in perceiving Shaw to be an imperfect Marxist, he helped shift criticism away from the ideological to the aesthetic. Jacques Barzun's brilliant essay, "Bernard Shaw in Twilight," is still provocative. Barzun stresses the formal aspects of Shawian drama and demonstrates how organic to the plays the so-called "ideas" are. Barzun also lucidly discusses the romantic strain in Shaw.

Many books and articles written in Shaw's own lifetime are now of very limited value. They are appreciative, rather than critical, and they are mostly written from an impressionistic point of view (Why does Shaw affect me the way he does?). Shaw also exerted too much control over the work of earlier commentators. Typical are the books by Joseph McCabe, P. P. Howe, Augustin Hamon, H. C. Duffin, J. S. Collis, Patrick Braybrooke, George Whitehead, Sen Gupta, and even C. E. M. Joad. What was wrong with this criticism can be seen by examining Philip Littell's "The Bondage of Shaw" (1917), to be found in the Kronenberger anthology. A new and better era began in the late 1940's when Shaw's hold began to loosen and when the positive results of the new scholarship (with its respect for the history of ideas) and the new criticism (with its emphasis upon the actual text) began to be felt. Two books written then have become classic points of departure for all who are interested in Shaw: Eric Bentley's *Shaw* and William Irvine's *The Universe of G. B. S.* (1949).

In recent years Arthur Nethercot's *Men and Supermen* (1954) has filled a definite need: the classification of character types and the analysis of their psychology. Nethercot demonstrates this important point conclusively: Shaw's ability to dramatize similar character-types in different works, without making them seem copies of one another. Julian Kaye's *Bernard Shaw and the Nineteenth Century Tradition* (1958) has much that is worthwhile and unusual: see, for instance, the discussion of Comte, Bellamy and Carlyle. Kaye does not define adequately what he means by *tradition*, however. Utilitarianism and laissez-faire liberalism formed one tradition, and the informed and humane criticism of that system formed another tradition into which Shaw himself fits. Yet Mr. Kaye's book surveys a new field and contains, at least by implication, many profitable suggestions for further work on Shaw.

Among recent essays of a general cast, Arland Ussher's in *Three Great Irishmen: Shaw, Joyce, Yeats* (1953) is superior. Ussher is not uniformly favorable to Shaw, but his conclusions come from thorough immersion in the work. His expert discussion of Shaw's creative evolution and his recognition of Shaw's coequal stature with Yeats and Joyce are useful correctives to some current opinion. Louis Kronenberger's essay on the central plays in *The Thread of Laughter* (1952) is informed, understanding and witty, and has many new and cogent interpretations. In recent years some of the best essays on Shaw, valuable both as scholarship and criticism, have appeared in *PMLA*, an indication that Shaw has by now achieved the academic respectability he dreaded during his lifetime.

Much has yet to be done on Shaw. The availability of additional primary materials will modify present interpretations of Shaw. These materials are of greater value, on the whole, to the student of Shaw than most secondary accounts. A useful collection of fugitive essays has already appeared in E. J. West's *Shaw on Theatre* (1958). The collection and comparison of varying texts for Shaw's works is also a prime requisite for accurate criticism. At present, careful examination of the plays themselves, making use of modern critical procedures and the standard Ayot St. Lawrence text, is possibly the most important single need. The plays should be thoroughly analyzed, formally and thematically, to arrive at more perceptive interpretations, in particular to get at their full symbolical implications and to reach more precise definition of their paradoxes.

The stage history of Shaw needs to be written. *The Theatrical Companion to the Plays of Shaw* (1954) is an impressive start, but it is only the barest outline. Increasingly, Shaw students are turning to this subject. The foreign reception of Shaw and foreign influences exerted by him is another rich field for inquiry. Investigation of Shavian intellectual origins ought also to be made. Kaye's book ought to be supplemented, and other lines of inquiry instituted. Shaw's relationship to nineteenth century fiction (other than Dickens) remains virtually unexplored. In particular, Shaw's connections with nineteenth century intellectual and satiric novelists would repay investigation. Shaw's debt to romanticism needs fuller study, the debts to Blake, Shelley, Goethe, Carlyle, Browning and the pre-Raphaelites, among others. Shaw's relationships to the nineteenth century British and continental dramatists — not excluding Ibsen — merit inquiry. A detailed study of Shaw as a critic of art, music and literature is also fundamental. The projected publication of the collected published works of Shaw from 1875 to 1900 (in microprint) under the editorship of Mr. Laurence will provide indispensable source materials.

It is to be hoped that more thorough reviews of Shaw's socialism will soon be made. Backgrounds and origins of Shaw's political thought, and the representation of the politics in Shavian prose and drama, all deserve close attention. Commentary upon Shaw's thought by the expert political economist would be desirable. The literary critic could then build upon the expert's evaluation of Shaw's political theories in his own analysis of Shaw's dramaturgy.

Shaw's religious ideas require detailed analysis. Of primary importance is Shaw's relation to Christianity, his theories about it, and the definition of the nature of his belief and/or agnosticism. Of course, this investigation would entail the relating of Shaw's creative evolution to his own version of the Christian tradition. Shaw's use of Christian materials in his plays, often for symbolic purposes, should be carefully examined.

Shaw's style should be analyzed exhaustively, both the prose style in the non-dramatic works and then his style as it functions organically within the plays themselves.

In conclusion, one is tempted to think that one hundred years from now the devoted Shavian will say enviously of his predecessors in the twentieth century: "The world was all before them."

**Weintraub:** (Here the Chairman was forced to conclude the conference because of time limitations; however a long, informal question and discussion period followed, involving panelists and conferees in the audience.)

\* \* \* \* \*

Discussion leader and Secretary for the Conference were Stanley Weintraub and Arthur O. Lewis, Jr., The Pennsylvania State University. Panelists were Arthur H. Nethercot, Northwestern University; Dan H. Laurence, Readex Microprint Corp.; Frederick P. W. McDowell, State University of Iowa. Other conferees were Betty Bandel, University of Vermont; Daniel Bernd, University of Nebraska; Lionel Brahm, New York University; Alice Bensen, Eastern Michigan University; J. O. Bailey, University of North Carolina; Gordon Couchman, Elmhurst College; R. B. Clayton, University of California at Berkeley; Donald P. Costello, Roosevelt University; Louis Crompton, University of Nebraska; Robert B. Davis, Heidelberg College; Ralph Emerick, Lawrence College; A. J. Fritz, University of Oklahoma; Elmer Gertz, Shaw Society of Chicago; Eldon C. Hill, Miami University of Ohio; Patrick Hogan, Jr., Mississippi State University; Robert Hogan, Purdue University; Paul A. Hummert, Loyola University of Chicago; William Irvine, Stanford University; E. W. Kinne, Purdue University; Robert L. Lowe, Purdue University; R. M. Mears, Drury College; Ward S. Miller, University of Redlands; J. Richard Nickson, Eastern New Mexico University; Scott C. Osborn, Mississippi State University; Drew B. Pallette, University of Southern California; Robert G. Shedd, Ohio State University; Albert H. Silverman, Wright Jr. College; Lois P. Solomon, Shaw Society of Chicago; T. J. Spencer, University of Notre Dame; M. W. Steinberg, University of British Columbia; Eva G. Weir, Idaho State University; John J. Weisert, University of Louisville; Norman Weyand, S. J., Loyola University of Chicago.



# Charles Surface and Shaw's Heroines

by Maurice Johnson<sup>1</sup>

"I will live my own life, not yours," declares Serafina White in Bernard Shaw's last play, *Why She Would Not*. Hers is a declaration made verbally and in action by many of Shaw's heroines who rebel against a double standard that is confining for women. Those heroines were patterned on the assumption, he himself said, that "women act and think precisely as he [did]."<sup>2</sup> Literary models for his emancipated women — in *You Never Can Tell*, *Man and Superman*, *Misalliance*, and *Major Barbara*, for instance — were admittedly provided by Ibsen.

But no one seems to have noticed that Shaw himself named a model out of English drama — a model that would have occurred only to him. Over fifty years before *Why She Would Not*, he wrote about a performance of Sheridan's *School for Scandal*:

Its thesis of the superiority of the good-natured libertine to the ill-natured formalist and hypocrite may pass. . . . But there is an ancient and fishlike smell about the "villainy" of Joseph and the ladylikeness of Lady Teazle. If you want to bring "The School for Scandal" up to date, you must make Charles a woman, and Joseph a perfectly sincere moralist. Then you will be in the atmosphere of Ibsen and of "The Greatest of All These ----" at once.<sup>3</sup>

To bring him up to date Charles Surface is metamorphosed by Shaw into Candida or Anne Whitefield! Like Charles they are philandering, extravagant, and endearing. But unlike Charles they seemed shocking to their first audiences; Sheridan, faithful to the double sexual standard, never shocked anyone. It is a difference described on another occasion by Shaw himself:

The whole point of an Ibsen play lies in the exposure of the very conventions upon which are based those by which the actor is ridden. Charles Surface and Tom Jones may be very effectively played by artists who fully accept the morality professed by Joseph Surface and Blifil. Neither Fielding nor Sheridan forces upon either actor or audience the dilemma that since Charles and Tom are lovable, there must be something hopelessly inadequate in the commercial and sexual morality which condemns them. . . .<sup>4</sup>

Like Ibsen's heroines, then, Shaw's emancipated women are intended to introduce reformed and better ways of looking at social behavior; Sheridan's characters were meant to remind his audience of the "good old days." In order to persuade, Shaw's heroines must

<sup>1</sup> Professor Johnson teaches English at the University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Pa.

<sup>2</sup> J. S. Collis, *Shaw* (New York, 1925), p. 111.

<sup>3</sup> Performance at the Lyceum Theatre, 20 June 1896. In *Dramatic Opinions and Essays*, 2 vols. (New York, 1928), II, 32.

<sup>4</sup> *The Quintessence of Ibsenism* (New York, 1905), "Appendix," p. 144.

be played attractively; when they are played unattractively his intention is altered as violently as Sheridan's was when, in Charles Lamb's time, *The School for Scandal* was acted with "Joseph, not Charles, for the real hero of the piece."<sup>5</sup>

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#### FROM THE SHAVIAN PAST . IV

*Shaw himself has often told how he achieved a reputation as a fluent speaker of Italian.*

*He was dining with a party of English people at a railway hotel in Milan and got through the ordering well enough, although the waiter couldn't speak a word of English. But the test came when the bill was called for. The point was that the party wanted separate bills, but no one was able to convey this to the waiter. They appealed to Shaw to take the matter in hand. G. B. S. pondered over his very slight knowledge of the Italian language and feared he was going to fail, when suddenly a line from "The Huguenots" flashed across his mind. Rising majestically and looking the waiter full in the face, he stretched out his arms and proclaimed dramatically: "Ognuno per se: per tutti il viel"! Amid roars of appreciative laughter from all the Italians within hearing, the separate bills were given by the chuckling waiter.*

*G. B. S. had saved his reputation and forever afterwards was regarded as an authority on all things Italian. A rough translation of the line he had quoted is: "Every man for himself: and Heaven for all."*

—Eric S. Wherly, in

*Shaw for the Million* [1946].

<sup>5</sup> Noted in G. S. Street, "Sheridan and Mr. Shaw," *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, CLXVII (June 1900), 832.

# A Continuing Check-List of Shaviana

compiled and edited by Charles A. Carpenter, Jr.<sup>1</sup>

## I. Works by Shaw

"Aerial Football: the New Game" and "An Indignant Letter," in Kenneth McArdle, ed., *A Calvalcade of Collier's* (New York: Barnes, 1959), 134-40, 151-52. A short story from the November 23, 1907, *Collier's Magazine* in which an audacious bishop enters heaven ("'Anybody may go in,' said Peter. 'What do you suppose the gate is for?'" ) and inadvertently originates "aerial" football. The indignant letter is Shaw's response to the \$1000 prize he was awarded for the story: he sent the money back and denounced the procedure as an "unspeakable outrage."

"Barker's Wild Oats," in Horace Knowles, ed., *Gentlemen, Scholars and Scoundrels; a Treasury of the Best of Harper's Magazine from 1850 to the Present* (New York: Harper, 1959), 272-79. A reprint of a January, 1947, article recounting Shaw's early career as a dramatist and as an instrument in arranging Harley Granville-Barker's divorce.

Letter, in Sylvia Beach, *Shakespeare and Company* (New York: Harcourt, Brace, 1959), 51-53. A letter from Shaw refusing to subscribe to Joyce's *Ulysses* ("a revolting record of a disgusting phase of civilization, but . . . a truthful one"), and a postcard to Pound ("I take care of the pence and let the Pounds take care of themselves").

*Man and Superman*, with an introduction by Brooks Atkinson. New York: Bantam Books, 1959. The complete work in inferior dress.

*Retour à Mathusalem, Pentateuque Métabiologique*, translated by Augustin and Henriette Hamon; preface by Jean Rostand. Paris: Aubier, "Éditions Montaigne," 1959. A reprint.

## II. Shaviana — Books and Pamphlets

Atherton, James S., *The Books at the Wake; a Study of Literary Allusions in James Joyce's Finnegans Wake* (New York: Viking Press, 1960), 279. Quotes fifteen phrases probably alluding to Shaw, e.g. "bragshaw," "windower's house," "your wildeshaweshowe moves swiftly sternerward."

Brown, John Mason, "CBS, Headmaster to the Universe," in *Saturday Review Gallery*, ed. by Jerome Beatty and staff (New York: Simon & Schuster, 1959), 283-91. An obituary estimate reprinted from *SR*, November 18, 1950. "Plato got along very nicely by contenting himself with being Plato. But Shaw was a modern Plato who could not resist also being Puck and Pantaloon."

Davis, Elmer, "Notes on the Failure of a Mission," in *Saturday Review Gallery* (*ibid.*), 136-40. A journalistic evaluation of H. G. Wells and Shaw as reformers, reprinted from *SR*, August 31, 1946. "They cleared away a lot of cobwebs; . . . they replaced them, occasionally, by obfuscations of their own."

Ervine, St. John, "George Bernard Shaw," in *Dictionary of National Biography, 1941-1950* (London: Oxford University Press, 1959), 773-82. A fairly adequate biographical summary of Shaw's career, but not at all what one expects to find in the *DNB*: selective, exaggerated, and chatty rather than comprehensive and compressed. One-third of the article is given to Shaw's first nineteen years, and too much of that to his father's tipling. Factual data in general is sparse; documentary materials are slighted. The bibliography

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Carpenter, *Shaw Review* Bibliographer, is Librarian at the Goldwin Smith Library, Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y. Readers, writers and publishers are urged to call contemporary Shaviana to the Bibliographer's attention. Notice of completed theses and dissertations is particularly helpful.

fails to list standard editions, volumes of letters, Henderson's latest biography, although a paragraph is devoted to portraits and busts of Shaw. In short, the sketch relies too heavily upon Ervine's biography.

One critical opinion that Ervine repeats, and which other biographers of Shaw have seconded, deserves attention since many people will introduce themselves to Shaw through the *DNB*. The epilogue to *Saint Joan*, Ervine insists, is "long and unnecessary." The "natural end of the play" is the sixth scene. Shaw refused to admit "that any person who saw *Saint Joan* without the epilogue would realize that the Maid had been canonized." Shaw says in the Preface to the play that "it was necessary by hook or crook to shew the canonized Joan as well as the incinerated one"; perhaps Ervine took this statement as Shaw's final rationale for the epilogue's existence. But the Preface also refers to it as "the comedy of the attempts of posterity to make amends for [Joan's] execution"; and a program note written by Shaw (printed in Henderson's 1932 biography) declares that "without it the play would be only a sensational tale of a girl who was burnt, leaving the spectators plunged in horror." Shaw read the play to Lillah McCarthy, the famous actress, and she experienced just this reaction at the end of the sixth scene (see *Myself and My Friends*, her autobiography, pp. 166-67). In this one sense, at least, the epilogue is indispensable: it might very well be termed "cathartic." And it is indispensable to Shaw's overall didactic purpose. For other reasons, also, the "natural end of the play" is hardly the sixth scene.

Freemantle, Anne, *This Little Band of Prophets* (London: Allen & Unwin, 1959; New York: New American Library, "Mentor Book," 1960). Macmillan will issue a hardcover American edition in April, 1960. Reviewed in this issue.

Grevenius, Herbert, *Shawrebellen*. Stockholm: Sveriges Radio, 1959. An illustrated 324-page paper-backed guide to Shaw written for Swedish radio audiences by a radio producer and filmscript writer.

Harrison, George B., *Julius Caesar in Shakespeare, Shaw and the Ancients* (New York: Harcourt, Brace, 1959). One of the "Harbrace Sourcebooks" for use in college-level controlled research projects. Shaw's *Caesar and Cleopatra* (complete) appears with Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar* and several ancient sources. Commentary is confined to suggested topics for papers.

Maurois, André, *The Life of Sir Alexander Fleming, Discoverer of Penicillin*, translated by Gerard Hopkins (New York: Dutton, 1959), 51-53. Briefly relates the well-known incident that provided the germ of *The Doctor's Dilemma*.

Priestley, John B., *Literature and Western Man* (New York: Harper, 1960), 347-51. Compares the public GBS — "a puritan prophet and a new Mephistopheles" — with the private Bernard Shaw, who fortunately helped to write the plays, and gave them their unique and enduring qualities.

Sinclair, Upton, *My Lifetime in Letters* (Columbia: University of Missouri Press, 1960), 56-71. Reviewed in this issue.

Weinstein, Leo, *The Metamorphoses of Don Juan* (Stanford, Calif.: Stanford University Press [Stanford Studies in Language and Literature, XVIII], 1959), *passim*, esp. 152-54. "Shaw, although far better acquainted with the tradition of the legend [than Byron], chose to reverse the role of the hero, which led to a dead end . . . from which further developments were practically impossible. Although his influence can be detected in most subsequent English works on Don Juan, as far as the future of the legend was concerned, a new direction was needed."

Williams, William Carlos, "For G. B. S., Old," in Horace Knowles, ed., *Gentlemen, Scholars and Scoundrels* (*op. cit.*), 395. A 22-line poem ending "his Tempest frozen / into a pattern / of ice."

Wilson, Colin, *The Stature of Man* (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1959), 94-96 and *passim*. Shaw's *Caesar* is the only serious attempt in recent literature to create an "undefeated hero." And Shaw is the only man of his age to convey, as Plato and Mozart did, a "vision of purpose."

### III. Shaviana — Periodicals

- Behrman, Samuel N., "Profiles: Conversation with Max," *New Yorker*, XXXV (February 6, 1960), 72-88. Records comments, most of them playfully satiric, made by Max Beerbohm about Shaw: e.g., Shaw was never vindictive; he believed "there was no one living who was worthy of his animosity."
- "Bernard Shaw's Legacy," *Parliamentary Debates (Hansard): House of Commons*, DCXV (December 17, 1959), columns 1750-58. An amiable 20-minute "debate" on the terms of Shaw's will, concluding that they "will be fulfilled." I. J. Pitman, Emrys Hughes, and Sir Edward Boyle were the speakers.
- Cerf, Bennett, "Cerfboard: No Business like Shaw's Business," *This Week Magazine* (March 20, 1960), 4, 7. Five of Shaw's chuckles.
- Clarke, Arthur C., "Shaw and the Sound Barrier," *Virginia Quarterly Review*, XXXVI (Winter, 1960), 72-77. Two eccentric notes from Shaw to Clarke (written in 1947) reveal his interest in space travel and supersonic flight.
- "Eliza's Prototypes?" (letters to the editor) *Times Literary Supplement*, LVIII (1959). November 13, p. 668: Eric J. Batson and Stanley Weintraub offer more plausible sources for *Pygmalion* than Ethel Turner's story, *The Child of the Children*, recently reprinted with a claim for precedence as a source. November 20, p. 677: Laurence Irving suggests a literary original for Alfred Doolittle. December 11, p. 725: Albrecht B. Strauss notes that Shaw eliminated Smollett as a source of the play.
- Farley, Earl, and Marvin Carlson, "George Bernard Shaw: a Selected Bibliography (1945-1955), Part Two: Articles," *Modern Drama*, II (December, 1959), 295-325. About 600 references to articles in serials of all kinds. Admirably comprehensive and consistent.
- "Four Share Bernard Shaw Alphabet Prize," *Manchester Guardian Weekly*, LXXXII (January 7, 1960), 10. One of the fullest newspaper accounts, featuring illustrations of the words "George Bernard Shaw" written in each of the four winning alphabets.
- Keough, Lawrence C., "George Bernard Shaw, 1946-1955: a Selected Bibliography" (Part I), *Bulletin of Bibliography*, XXII (September-December, 1959), 224-26. A careful listing of Shaw's writings printed during the period. Part II will include critical and biographical studies.
- Laurence, Dan H., "Shaw and the 'Guardian': a 'Substitute Critic'," *Manchester Guardian Weekly*, LXXXI (November 28, 1959), 6. Discloses that Shaw covered some performances for *The Guardian* in place of his friend William Archer during 1887-1891. One of the unsigned reviews (June 8, 1889), that of the Janet Achurch production of Ibsen's *A Doll House*, is reprinted in full.
- The Regional*, II (no. 4, December, 1959). Issued by the New York Regional Group of The Shaw Society (London). Includes "Bernard Shaw on Sexual Reform" (verbatim transcript of a speech, reprinted from *Time and Tide*, September 20, 1929); "Shaw in Microprint" (a report on the projected Microprint edition of *The Collected Works of Bernard Shaw, 1875-1900*, to be published in 1961); etc.
- The Shavian*, II (February, 1960). The journal of The Shaw Society (London). Includes "Shaw's Existentialism" by Colin Wilson (Undershaft's message to Outsiders); "Shaw in Sweden" by Herbert Grevenius (the man as well as the plays); "The Bourgeois Moralism in Shaw" by Henry C. Duffin (Shaw lacks poetic vision, but not practical advice); etc.
- White, William, "G. B. S. on Joyce's 'Exiles'," *Times Literary Supplement*, LVIII (December 4, 1959), 709. Offers evidence that Shaw, contrary to a statement in Richard Ellmann's *James Joyce*, thought *Exiles* "just the thing" for the Stage Society. But a reply by Stephen Winsten (December 18, p. 741) shows that Shaw may have reversed his opinion.

#### IV. Shaviana — Dissertations

*Since these items are not examined by the bibliographer, reference is given to the abstracts found in Dissertation Abstracts (DA).*

Bond, George Robert, "The Method of Iconoclasm in George Bernard Shaw," *DA*, XX (November, 1959), 1780 (University of Michigan). On the iconoclastic tracts and prefaces.

Nolte, William Henry, "The Literary Criticism of H. L. Mencken," *DA*, XX (December, 1959), 2296-97 (University of Illinois). Mencken wrote the first book-length critical study of Shaw.

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#### SECOND MLA SHAW CONFERENCE SCHEDULED

A second Modern Language Association of America Shaw Conference will be scheduled for the MLA annual meeting December 27-29, 1960, in Philadelphia. The subject for discussion will be "Bernard Shaw Ten Years After," and will concern itself with the revaluation of Shaw and revolution in Shavian scholarship in the first post-humous decade. Admission will be limited, and requests for admission cards, though they will not be sent out until mid-October, will be filled in order of receipt. Address the editor of *The Shaw Review*.



## Reviews:

### Stories about Fabians

Anne Freemantle. *This Little Band of Prophets: The British Fabians*. New York: Mentor Books, 1960. \$.75.

Anne Freemantle's *This Little Band of Prophets* is — unfortunately for the critic — not one book but the raw material for several; consequently, it is difficult to say anything about the whole book.

I rather like "Stories about Fabians," an anecdotal account of the Webbs, the Blands, Olivier, Pease, Graham Wallas, Annie Besant, H. G. Wells, and Ramsay MacDonald. The stories about Shaw are less interesting — probably because the best ones have already been told; on the other hand, Mrs. Freemantle makes excellent use of the diaries of Beatrice Webb and the legends of the Potter family (the author is a relation of Beatrice) to give us a human being in place of the caricature that we have too easily accepted. We are pleasantly surprised by the Beatrice Webb who delighted in evensong at St. Paul's and who wept when she "told Bertrand Russell how she had refused. [Joseph] Chamberlain out of principle. She could not, she said, marry a man with his opinions. But she never ceased to care for him." I think Mrs. Freemantle could have written an excellent book about Beatrice Webb; perhaps she will.

Her second "book," "Eighty Years of British Politics," seems to me sketchy and superficial. At times the author confuses opinion and fact.

Her "History of the Fabian Society" is weakened by impressionism and anecdotes. Edward R. Pease's *History* is superior in clarity, accuracy, and consistency of tone, although *This Little Band of Prophets* contains much information that was not available to Pease in the early twenties.

One of the principal limitations of *The British Fabians* is that the material was obviously "gotten up" for the book. Consequently, the author is almost completely dependent on the accuracy of her sources. For example, I do not know whether Mrs. Freemantle thinks that John Stuart Mill was a bachelor, but the reader who is not familiar with Mill's long friendship with Harriet Taylor, whom he married after her husband's death, would certainly infer his celibacy from the author's comments on p. 106. A surprising error of fact — Mrs. Freemantle's statement that "Wells had predeceased Shaw by more than a decade" — is contradicted by her biographical index, which correctly lists the dates of their deaths as 1946 and 1950.

Another limitation is the author's relation to her subject, which is more that of a missionary than of a scholar. One guesses that she was attracted to the subject because she felt it would give her a chance to talk about what must be her favorite idea — man's fallen nature and his need for grace and redemption. One must agree with her that the Fabians — like the Benthamites — were unduly optimistic about human nature and that "of sin and fall they reckoned nothing." Nevertheless, they understood and worked hard to solve the problems of

their time. We may be more wary of the power of the state and more dubious about the ethical or cultural advantages of greater material prosperity for the United States or Western Europe, but that does not make the views of the Fabians less sound for a particular time and place. Certainly, most of us think that a higher standard of living is necessary for the people of the underdeveloped nations of Asia and Africa.

Unfortunately for Shavians, Mrs. Freemantle is more successful with the Webbs and the minor Fabians than with the most important member of the "band." It is not so much that she knows less about Shaw or that there is more to know; rather, there is a lack of sympathy which at times leads her to interpret Shaw's irony as inhumanity. A good illustration of this failure of understanding is her reaction to Shaw's defense of the Boer War. She takes quite literally a letter to Henry Salt — an ironic justification of war as better than the "filthy wallowing in money" of peace — and describes G.B.S. as "an enthusiastic blood-letter." Her misunderstanding is all the more surprising because she tells what Shaw's real case is: namely, that the British Empire would rule South Africa more efficiently and more humanely than the Boers. Certainly, the history of Afrikaner rule in South Africa has more than justified Shaw's doubts about the fitness of the Boers to rule a large nation.

*This Little Band of Prophets* is readable and entertaining; it gives us some useful information about the Fabians and it significantly changes our conception of Beatrice Webb. But it is poorly organized and it is based on "research" and memory rather than scholarship. Perhaps an even more serious flaw is the author's insufficient sense of the importance of her subject in itself; for Mrs. Freemantle's book about the Fabians is essentially a sad commentary on the vanity of attempting to make men better by raising their standard of living from bare subsistence to modest comfort.

Julian B. Kaye<sup>1</sup>

## Letters to Upton Sinclair

Upton Sinclair. *My Lifetime in Letters*. ill. index. xxi + 412 pp. Columbia: Univ. of Missouri Press, 1960. \$6.50.

The range of Mr. Sinclair's correspondence is impressive, and this sampling of only 300 letters, drawn from a vast bulk of some 250,000 now on deposit at the University of Indiana, will probably prove something of a check list for scholars in half a dozen disciplines from Economics to Literature. As it happened to H. G. Wells, Mr. Sinclair now finds himself in a world where many of his books have done their jobs, and are no longer read. But Mr. Sinclair is a durable personality, and his status abroad has always been notable, as reflected so often in this book. So these letters are of genuine value in presenting a part of international social history of a period dating from 1905 to 1957. Con-

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Kaye, author of *Bernard Shaw and the Nineteenth Century Tradition*, teaches English at Brooklyn College.



tent is sometimes a bit thin, but few important personages pass unrepresented. Sinclair Lewis is present with 10 letters; and Jack London with 11; there are 30 from Mencken, 11 from Einstein, and 8 from Thomas Mann. Other names included are Wells, Arnold Bennett, Karl Kautsky, Frank Harris, Ghandi, Pound, Santayana, O'Neill, and Theodore Roosevelt. The problems of selection and permission must have been difficult indeed, so may we note only one omission. Were there no letters from Sergei Eisenstein, the great Russian director? Some did exist, according to Mr. Sinclair himself, and if Pound's letters bear printing here, why not Eisenstein's? Perhaps the seeming lack of consequence in many of the letters is because some issues dealt with have long since lost their potency; also Mr. Sinclair has a pardonable tendency to print letters praising his work, a few of which seem to be mere courtesy notes.

Shavians are fortunate in that the eight Shaw items are neither short nor insignificant. The oldest item is a facsimile of a questionnaire, dated 23 April 1912, requesting Shaw to join and serve in a league of intellectuals for world peace. Shaw filled it out in a resounding negative. The latest is one of those touching letters of farewell which Shaw was writing in the last years of his life. Shaw had a genuine regard for Sinclair and his work, and this book reprints his statement of support for Sinclair's candidacy for the Nobel Prize in 1931. It is of interest that most of the names on the distinguished list of men supporting Sinclair in that year were those of sociologists and philosophers; Shaw, Edward Markham, Robert Herrick, and William Ellery Leonard being the only genuine literary men among them. Another letter enjoins Sinclair to stop inciting socialists to token arrests, and adopting methods which lead to jail and broken heads. Also Shaw said not to try "to persuade rich American visitors that Glendale is not a safe place to live in because socialists are treated there as vermin. You could not give the place a better advertisement." But as a foreigner Shaw felt that he did not dare interfere in American domestic matters; "to yield to [a foreigner] would be an unbearable humiliation: perish a thousand Saccos first." Afflicted by the paper shortage in December of 1941, and made hopeful by the offer of a supply of paper from Sinclair, Shaw wrote of his inability to get *Everybody's Political What's What* published. In the same letter, he makes the statement that "When people ask me what has happened in my long life time I do not refer them to the newspaper files and to the authorities, but to your [Sinclair's] novels." The letters include a sharp but admiring portrait of Lady Astor, a note on "Fabian Fascism," and a statement to cheer the hearts of the Shaw Society members: "What we [himself and Sinclair] have to say has been said again and again for at least 8000 years, apparently without producing the slightest effect: still there are little groups of Shavians and Sinclairites everywhere, whose influence, though imperceptible, counts for something." This volume is of course recommended to those "Shavians and Sinclairites" still exerting their "imperceptible" influence.

Charles W. Mann, Jr.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Mann is Curator of Rare Books at the Pattee Library of The Pennsylvania State University, University Park, Pa.

## "Dear Liar" on Tour

The much-traveled *Dear Liar* is an adaptation by Jerome Kilty of the forty-year correspondence between Mrs. Patrick Campbell and Bernard Shaw, the principals portrayed by Katharine Cornell and Brian Aherne. From a dramaturgical viewpoint, *Dear Liar* is neither play nor concert reading, but an acted-out rendition of the letters. Mr. Kilty wisely lets the letters speak for themselves, contributing only the bare amount of continuity to unify the whole. The first act centered around the planning and producing of *Pygmalion*, and the second around the Magnus and Orinthia interlude in *The Apple Cart*. No longer juveniles, Miss Cornell and Mr. Aherne did not try to match the mental gymnastics of the dialogue with appropriate action. As adept craftsmen, they were quite successful in allowing a gesture or a half-movement to indicate the rest. Miss Cornell's brief portrayal of Eliza as the flower girl in Covent Garden, however, seemed less successful than that which legend ascribes to Mrs. Pat, who, although forty-nine when she performed the youthful role, had the greatest triumph of her career in the part. But Miss Cornell's rich, flexible voice did immeasurable justice to Eliza's choice of expletive, the series of Aaaaaah-ow-oooh sounds done successively in different octaves, an exercise not easily managed except by an actress who has complete mastery of her voice.

The high point of the performance for this viewer was in Mr. Aherne's exquisite reading of Shaw's letter of February 22, 1913, in which he describes the cremation ceremony of his mother. This letter captures some of the basic paradoxical impulses that make up the unique genius of GBS. From one of the first sentences of the letter ("Why does a funeral always sharpen one's sense of humor and rouse one's spirits?") he moves through a detailed description of the day which was, for him, filled simultaneously with comic moments to be savored and tragically beautiful moments to be treasured, as when "the violet coffin moved again and went in, feet first. And behold! the feet burst miraculously into streaming ribbons of garnet-coloured lovely flame, smokeless and eager, like pentecostal tongues, and as the whole coffin passed in it sprang into flame all over, and my mother became that beautiful fire." Then few lines later "Two cooks had little tongs in their hands, and they were deftly picking nails and scraps of coffin handles out of Mamma's dainty little heap of ashes and samples of bone. Mamma herself being at that moment leaning over beside me, shaking with laughter. Then they swept her up into a sieve and shook her out; so that there was a heap of dust and a heap of calcined bone scraps. And Mamma said in my ear, 'Which of the two heaps is me, I wonder.'" Then to the end of the letter, "And so good night, friend who understands about one's mother, and other things." It was an electrifying moment of theater, and the audience was completely under Mr. Aherne's spell.

Beatrice Stella Campbell had a dynamic personality and a compelling voice, but neither the depth of intellect nor the sweetness of character that marked her great predecessor Ellen Terry, whose close correspondence with GBS was of an entirely different flavor. Stella's

mind had a fiery quality and was perfect foil for Shaw's own. He fell completely under her spell — a spell woven out of her sensual magnetism and physical beauty. Still, even magic of this most potent kind could not rid him of his omnipresent objectivity — except once, when, learning of Stella's going to Sandwich for a few days, he decided to go there himself to be with her. In his words, "I almost condescended to romance. I risked the breaking of deep roots and sanctified ties. I set my feet boldly on all the quicksands. . . . I courted the oldest illusions, knowing well what I was doing." But Stella flew from the scene, leaving Shaw in white fury at the insensitivity of her action and unwillingness to stay and share the world with him.

I think of this episode in their lives as the great Sandwich fiasco, and feel that, for him, her image assumed somewhat lesser proportions in the future. In *Dear Liar* this climax (or lack of it) in their relationship was not given the dramatic emphasis it deserved. Still, it was richly rewarding theatre, and should continue to stimulate audiences with its excellence of character portrayal and beauty of language.

Harold I. Rayvis<sup>1</sup>

## Franklyn Barnabas at Home

Buried in the middle of the compendious Standard Edition of Shaw's work is a slim volume called *The Black Girl and Some Lesser Tales*. And buried, in turn, in the middle of *that* volume is a dramatic fragment — one act of two brief scenes — that Shaw awkwardly entitled "A Glimpse of the Domesticity of Franklyn Barnabas." It is a vignette of Franklyn Barnabas' household, out Hampstead way, on a relatively carefree afternoon. The story line is slight, and the dramatic structure rather unorthodox. But the subject matter is a fascinating catch-all of satirical comments on stodgy English institutions (including marriage) and on a contemporary friendly adversary (G. K. Chesterton, in thinly disguised caricature) — all directed by Shaw, persistently, if unwittingly, toward a palatable lesson in Creative Evolution.

The mood of this fragment is delightful, almost gay; its tempo, uncalculated. From a theatrical point of view, its obscure fate is unjustified — especially so, from the Shavian perspective, when production establishes its relation to the canonical *Back to Methuselah*. While working on his metabiological Pentateuch, Shaw became so intrigued by Franklyn Barnabas (an opportunity to rile Chesterton) that he dashed off the tangential domestic study, then discarded it as irrelevant and digressive. When "Some Lesser Tales" were being compiled as padding for the thin volume of *The Black Girl*, "Glimpse" was retrieved from oblivion. Since its author prefaced it by such epithets as "padding," it was so accepted, and skimmed over, until the Shaw Society of America presented its American premiere in a brilliant concert reading, on Sunday evening, March 6.

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Rayvis, a member of the Shaw Society of America, viewed *Dear Liar* twice during the pre-Broadway phase of its tour, in Atlantic City, N. J., and at the Philadelphia Academy of Music.

Director of the production was Eli Rill, teacher at Actors Studio and a 1960 Ford Foundation Fellow. Mr. Rill had staged another SSA dramatic venture several years earlier, *Village Wooing*. It had been so successful that it was subsequently done in an off-Broadway theatre. For "Glimpse," he managed to woo five leading actors and actresses into taking a busman's holiday and donating their talents. Michael Flanders, making his Broadway debut in his music-and-wit show, *At the Drop of a Hat*, was cast (on his night off) as Immenso Champernoon, the inflated character spouting inflated prose that was Shaw's caricature of Chesterton. Unknown to most American theatregoers, Mr. Flanders had practically been weaned on Shaw. His first professional appearance in the theatre was in an Oxford production of *You Never Can Tell*, and he has since acted in and directed other Shaw plays in England. Celeste Holm read the role of Rosie Etteen, the intellectual femme fatale. A versatile comedienne and actress, she proved her proclivity for Shaw and Creative Evolution when she starred, three years ago, in Arnold Moss's truncated version of *Methuselah*. The Swedish-born Viveca Lindfors, often type-cast as the exotic Continentale, undertook her first Shavian role in English, playing Clara Barnabas, Franklyn's wife. Kevin McCarthy and John Heldabrand work frequently on Shaw plays at Actors Studio, but had never had the opportunity to evince their Shavian talents in public until their reading of the brothers Franklyn and Conrad. The three other characters in "Glimpse" — the maid, Savvy Barnabas and the Rev. William Haslam — were, for the SSA production, edited out by Mr. Rill as "irrelevant and digressive."

In the second part of *Back to Methuselah*, "The Gospel of the Brothers Barnabas," Franklyn and Conrad are the major protagonists, conscientiously preoccupied with Creative Evolution. In "Glimpse" — though they are still mulling it over — the major burden of exposition falls on Immenso Champernoon, Clara's brother. His entry into the Barnabas household is as the gassy mediator in a domestic crisis that has arisen between Clara and Franklyn: her running off for a week because she couldn't tolerate any longer the "cockney blasphemy" of the brothers' new religion. Mrs. Etteen, who rather fancies Franklyn, has heard of Clara's departure, and sees the opportunity to get an unmolested grasp on Franklyn. But the news is a long while wending its way to her, and by the time she drops in, Clara has already returned. An agreeable woman, she settles instead for some witty badinage with Immenso.

"Glimpse" was produced before an SRO audience at the SSA's usual meeting place, the Grolier Club. Borah Burman of *Variety* thought that "Rill made clever use of the center aisle and a gallery as well as a small platform" in staging the reading. Frank Aston of the *World-Telegram and Sun* thought the rare, "all free" performance was "worth pennies by the million." Arthur Gelb of the *New York Times* summarized critical reaction most succinctly in commenting that "the little-known domestic comedy . . . does more to advance the cause of Creative Evolution and Shavianism than its windy parent work."

Helene Klein<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Miss Klein, Secretary of the Shaw Society of America, is a journalist whose recent associations have been with the magazines *Glamour* and *Manhattan*, the latter as entertainment editor.

## News and Queries

*Dear Liar*, Shaw's correspondence with Stella Campbell as adapted for dramatic reading by Jerome Kilty, reached Broadway for a limited run on March 17, after a long tour of civic auditoriums and college campuses. *The Shaw Review's* critic, who observed it twice before it reached the Billy Rose Theatre, reports on it elsewhere in these pages. New York critics gave it moderate approbation, in general making the point that the exchange of letters was "no substitute for the crackle of a comedy by the man who wrote the most spirited letters in this wayward exchange" (Atkinson). As *Geliebter Lügner*, the dramatization simultaneously reached Germany, Elizabeth Bergner and O. E. Hasse essaying the roles played here by Katherine Cornell and Brian Aherne. The critic for the *Hamburger Abendblatt* reported that the "charming duet" received an enthusiastic ovation, and praised the penetrating, spirited rendering of the texts of the letters into a dramatic entity.

Shaw offerings around the country reported in the first quarter of 1960 were unusually meager. In January, San José (Calif.) State College produced *Candida*; while in Lima, Ohio, Amil Tellers of Dramatics, Inc., presented *Androcles and the Lion*. In March, Georgia State College at Atlanta presented *Arms and the Man*, as did Texas Christian University at Fort Worth.

Shaw Society of America meetings early in 1960 began with talks in January and February — on Sean O'Casey and Shaw, by Paul Shyre; and on *My Fair Lady* by a member of the New York cast, Bramwell Fletcher. In March the Society presented the first American staging of "A Glimpse of the Domesticity of Franklyn Barnabas," reported elsewhere in these pages. At the April meeting *Shaw Review* editor Stanley Weintraub gave a preliminary report on his work in progress — "Lawrence of Arabia: Improbable Shavian." The Shaw Society of Chicago continued on its irrepressible ways with monthly dramatic readings and a spirited new monthly tabloid newsletter; while in Los Angeles a newly born Shaw Society of California came into the world like Amaryllis in *As Far As Thought Could Reach*.

Books about (or by) Shaw announced for future publication will require Shavians to add another shelf to the library; yet the pace of publication seems destined to increase in the next few years. All will be reviewed in *The Shaw Review* as time as space permits, and some have already made the current Check-list. *To a Young Actress*, the letters of GBS to Molly Tompkins, edited by her son Peter Tompkins, is scheduled for May 26 from the new publishing house of Clarkson N. Potter, Inc. *How to Become a Musical Critic*, a new collection of Shaw's uncollected music criticism edited by Dan Laurence, is promised for August by Hill and Wang. Other collections of Shavian articles and correspondence are now being readied for publication in 1961 and 1962, including the letters to H. G. Wells and Gilbert Murray.

Jerome Kilty's version of *Man and Superman*, including the hell scene, has been announced for next season by Alison Ridley, producer



of Wellesley's Group 20 Players. Kilty, who twice staged the play at Wellesley with box office success, will direct it for Broadway. Canadian actor Barry Morse will have the principal role of John Tanner. The Kilty adaptation abridges the play to a running time of two and one-half hours.

An adaptation for television of *Captain Brassbound's Conversion* was scheduled for Monday evening, May 2, on the N. B. C. "Hallmark Hall of Fame." Christopher Plummer was to star as Brassbound and Greer Garson as Lady Cecily.

Americanized Shaw came to Soviet Russia on April 18 as an American company opened an eight-week tour of *My Fair Lady*. Leading lady was Lola Fisher, who played understudy to the Eliza in the New York production since the play began its long run early in 1956.

A new film version of *Caesar and Cleopatra* was announced for 1960 production by Twentieth Century-Fox. No further details were available at press time.

A television adaptation of *Don Juan in Hell*, starring Siobhan McKenna and George C. Scott, had a seven-day run beginning February 15 as WNTA-TV's "Play of the Week."

## Queries

In connection with a projected edition of their correspondence, I should be most grateful to learn of the whereabouts of any letters that may have passed between Bernard Shaw and Professor Gilbert Murray (who often signed himself simply with the initials, typed or handwritten, GM or GGAM). Also of great interest would be drafts of Shaw's plays, especially *Major Barbara*, that may bear evidence of Murray's suggestions or alterations.

E. C. Lathem  
Baker Library  
Dartmouth College  
Hanover, New Hampshire

As part of a larger study of the impact of the world of letters upon the world of politics in England from 1920 to 1940, I am working on studies of *a*. The relations between Lawrence of Arabia and the Shaws (1921-1935); *b*. Other involvement of Bernard Shaw in the political life of England during the twenty year period ending with the close of the Spanish Civil War and the opening of the Second World War. I would be grateful for pertinent information, leads and materials.

Stanley Weintraub  
221 Sparks Bldg.  
University Park, Pa.



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## OBJECT

To study and interpret George Bernard Shaw's writings, work, and personality; to make him more widely understood and appreciated; and to provide a meeting ground for those who admire and respect the man.

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Any person agreeing with the objectives of The Shaw Society of America, Inc., and wishing to join the Society may apply for membership. Address your application to the Treasurer. The annual fee is \$5. Checks should be made payable to The Shaw Society of America, Inc. Membership fees are tax deductible and are determined on a calendar year basis.

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